



## Joakim: Man or Myth?



398 44 35

### Chapter 1 by Phantim

Someone once asked me. What made Joakim come up with StoryWars?

The memories flashed before my eyes... perhaps though, you first need to understand Joakim, before you understand StoryWars.

You see Joakim loves to fight... but he isn't very strong... his story starts when he was just a wee lad of 7 years... His parents never bought him any toys... but at night he would sneak in to the study and use his fathers pen and papers...

### Chapter 2 by Comp Som "CS" Anichi



Joakim would love writing sentences on his dad's index cards. The would look near, and made him feel professional.

"I saw my crush. They were eating a deluxe lunch..."

"Once there was a man who could only say-"

OOH Joakim smashed onto the ground. Notes flying.

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On right, I forgot to put the time and place transition. He was in school, more specifically, walking down the hallway.

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would shuffle the cards, or something. He had no idea yet, but he was hopeful. He would need that though, as someone bumped into him while he was so focused on his cards.

"Haha, what a nerd!" Three students ganged up on Joakim. One of them stepped on the cards while walking away. The other followed. The last one picked up a card. "Haha, what's all these things. You writing a report, nerd." She stood up and walked off.

Joakim was near tears. He picked himself up and started to collect the cards. He wasn't alone though as his friends helped him.

"Don't mind them Joakim, they were just being mean."

"They were just jealous."

"It's alright." Joakim didn't want to worry anyone.

He tried to forget about the incident and headed off.

Before leaving though, he counted his cards. He discovered one missing. It's alright, he thought, I could just make another.

As he opened his locker though, he was in for a surprise.

Inside laid a card.

It said.

At the front, "I saw my crush. They were eating a deluxe lunch..."

My card! Joakim exclaimed internally. He flipped it over; his eyes widened.

"...which contained his favorite sandwiches. He nibbled on one as he was fixing his wonderful note cards."

Someone continued his sentence. WONDERFUL! He had a lightbulb moment!

Also something important to know,

Someone had written him a love confession

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Chapter 3 by Comp Sem 1PS Anna



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Who could have wrote it? He then realized it was the missing card. But how? It must have been when he tripped and the cards fell over. Yeah, that must have been it.

Suddenly, he remembered one of his bullies picking it up.

"You writing a report, nerd?"

Could it be? No, he shook his head trying to dismiss the thought. Maybe she threw it in the trash, and someone picked it up... But who would fish it out of a trash can (plus the card was sparkling clean, and smelled like flowers). Maybe she left it somewhere? Or gave it to someone?

Originally, he had thought of creating a lot of cards, then connect the snetences. But whoever wrote this had a good idea. This person connected the sentence with her own idea.

"Nice job, this person is." He murmured.

However, while he was busy complimenting the person in his head, he did nit notice a person behind him. The figure loomed over him. No one was in the hallway except them. The mysterious figure had an armband, had post it notes stuck on him like military medals.

One note said, "Arrest Joakim for atrocious grammar."

Joakim still stood unaware.

The man flexed his hand, and.

#### Chapter 4 by Phantim



.. smacked Joakim to the ground. Joakim looked up scared and confused. Who was this person? Why were they hurting him? He looked at the Grammar Nazi's name tag. 'Katrina' it said.

"Who are you? Why are you doing this?" Joakim cried from the ground.

"I am Intelligence officer Katrina, boy. But you can call me IntelliKat. You are under arrest for atrocious grammar."

See more of Story Wars

As IntelliKat began kicking

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He took him

Chapter 5 by SaintSavaka



When he woke up, his hands were chained to a computer. Everything else was shrouded by dark. He considered calling for help, but soon discovered the impossibility of that - his lips had been sealed shut by a thick layer of duct tape.

Damn it. Just when he was growing a mustache.

A hand rested comfortably on his shoulder. He should have screamed, but he was so scared that he found the touch to be almost motherly in nature.

IntelliKat, however, was anything but.

"So you like to scribble on index cards, huh, boy?"

He wasn't sure whether to nod or not. His parents had told him to never lie, but then again, this was a unique situation.

"You think that having a little fun is a JOKE?"

She seemed to be used to carrying out a one-sided conversation. "Well, let me tell you something, kiddo. Let's see how much you're laughing after you program me a little website. Go on, get creative. And if I see so much as one misspelling..." She slid a finger across her throat. "Got it?"

No, Joakim didn't "get it". He was seven! How could he possibly learn how to code? Crying slightly, he pulled open a google tutorial on Java. How long would they hold him here? He prayed silently that the writer of the index card would wait for him, even if just for a little longer.

Even if that little longer was twenty three years.

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Finally, he remarked to himself silently, a website to buy his freedom. The words "Story Wars" were emblazoned across the computer's top. Something to be proud of. Something written with perfect grammar.

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Well, unless IntelliKat looks

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But he would take his chances. He slammed a big red button that had sat unused for his twenty year prison sentence, and waited.

## Chapter 6 by Inferno



Suddenly, IntelliKat walked through the door, holding a gun. "You've done it? Good job. Let me see."

She leaned in to see the computer, holding the gun in Joakim's face. The boy sat, petrified, as she inspected the website. "Huh," she muttered. "Good, good. Story Wars..."

Joakim crossed his fingers.

"OK, you did it. But before you go, give me a cheat code so I can be the best user there is."

Joakim froze. IntelliKat held the gun closer to Joakim's face. "Yes?"

He grimaced, and told her the secret.

A villainous laugh escaped IntelliKat's lips. "I. WILL. DOMINATE! You may go. And I'll even let you be an Admin!"

Joakim rushed from the room, bursting into the bright sunlight, and ran all the way home.

## Chapter 7 by Jonnie Green- Movie Maker Jedi and Super Awesome Story Writer (P.S. This is a SECRET identity)



But when he returned home, there was no one left. During his twenty years of imprisonment, everyone had given up hope of his ever returning.

Joakim sighed, and wondered what he would do now.

It was several years later, and Story Wars was a growing site. It was rather popular, actually, despite Intellikat's presence in its depths.

Slowly, the Story Warriors began to realise that Intellikat was evil; and wars were waged against him. Most were lost.

Now there is a new war going against Intellikat, the biggest yet. We must avenge Joakim and take down Intellikat!

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 8 by Intellikat

Everyone was typing away at their keyboards, trying to write stories to break the Kat's will. Coordinated attacks all over the site, but the Kat was heartless, and the war was failing.

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Suddenly, Joakim had an idea.

He would introduce a "Terms of Service" requiring all users to disclose their personal information in a new roll-out of the site for 2017. Cleverly, it allowed Joakim to get a peek into who the users actually were. Unethical? Perhaps. But the StoryWars community was at war with intellikat, and sometimes to defeat evil, one must employ evil.

Foolishly, Kat fell for the ploy.

Perhaps drunk on old sack, the Kat turned over all her personal information in a single submission. Real name, age, profession, address. EVERYTHING.

Joakim suddenly realized why the Kat was so intent on domination. He looked at the information spilling down the screen before him in his darkened room. And his lower lip began to tremble.

How could he now use this information to hurt the Kat?

He understood the Kat... and he felt for the Kat.

Bullied as a child. A second-language learner growing up as a third-culture kid. Books were the Kat's only friends. Tortured by lifelong failures and regrets. Sensitive and preening. Mysterious and aloof.

Joakim was somehow connected to the Kat. The Kat completed him, like pepper to his salt.

And so, Joakim dragged and clicked upon the file that contained all the Kat's info, and dropped it into the trash. He deleted it permanently with a power click, and leaned back to ponder this entire episode.

Joakim, like intellikat, beneath it all... was just a man, and not a myth.

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